

A N E L E G I E

Upon the most eminently Famous, and no lesse stupendious Patterne of Constant Loyalty:

The Right Honourable

THOMAS Late Earl of CLEVELAND, Baron of NETTLESTEED, Lord
Lieutenant of the County of BEDFORD, Captain of his MAJESTIES
Royall Band of Pensioners, &c.

W eep, Weep, an *Elegy*; for *Clevelands* herse
Surmounts the common complement of verse.
His Actions speak his worth, His glorious name
Is all-sufficient to advance his fame.
Those things call'd Honor, Greatness, Birth, Estate,
Which hood-winckt *Fortune* doth communicate
Promiscuously to all, were here design'd,
T' enrich the palace of his noble mind.

A hoary frost had now bedeckt his head,
And Age proclaimed him fitter for his bed
Then toylsome war. When, Lo, a sudden change!
Rebellious Spirits through the Kingdoms range,
Preaching down Loyalty under pretence
Of pious zeal, and just obedience.
Fawning, false piety must the true destroy,
As the *Palladium* once had ruined *Troy*.
The Cheat discovered; these fierce Allarms
Seem'd to this *Hero* like *Medea's* charms,
Practis'd on *Ætans* age, which did renew
Nature's short snuffe, and made his Taper new.

His loyal zeal brooks no delays, nor stands
On the Punctilio of great Commands
But readily prepares to live or dy
With High-born *Rupert* and his Cavalry.
Short while he had been there, till *Chalke-grove* Field,
(Where many a Trayter to his Fate did yield)
Gave signal proof of's Conduct, Courage, and
What e're might court him, to some choice Command;
Nor was he long, for the first step he made,
Was to command the late Lord *John's* Brigade,
Which how he managed, *Capreay* can tell,
Where many hundreds with their Colours fell.
Let *Abercromy*, with his vapouring Rear,
Boast, if they can, of *Clevelands* cornish chear.

But *Fortune* frowning at his gallantry,
Design'd him Prisoner at th' second *Newberry*,
Where ne'rtheless such courage he did shew,
As struck amazement in his flying Foe.
The Forlorne beat, He pierc't the Curiaffers
Routed some Foot, the Rest were fraught with fears,
To see their new-got men and canons lost.
Yet this success was on a sudden crost,
For no fresh succours coming to supply
His scattered Troopes, was forc't to yield or dy.
To th' *Tower* he's sent, the walls though ne're so strong,
Cannot detain this Generous Spirit long,
He finds at length, revived hopes may bring
Honour and safety t' his beloved King,

Therefore compounds for freedome yet remains
Fettered in Scriveners Bonds, the worse of chains,
These *Sampson's* cords, he quickly rent in sunder,
Although their forfeiture spoke in thunder
To his estate and him. He must to Court
Where e're it be, although he perish for't.
Hollands at home, if that his King be there;
He questions not the distance, dreads no fear.

To Court he comes, from thence to *Scotland* goes
Along with's Master to suppress his Foes:
At *Loyal Worcester*, He once more is taken,
And sent to th' *Tower*, which, he had late forsaken,
Where he continued till the Kings return,
Preserving loyalty to enrich his urn.
What though the Usurper offers a reward?
If that his loyalty he would discard,
Ten thousand men at his command shall be
Estate and Person both at liberty;
Nor complement, nor freedome can prevail
To weigh his Anchor, 'lesse the King bids sail.
Thus did this aged Palm t' Heaven aspire,
Weighty oppression mounting him still higher.

Lets then restrain our tears, and rather sing
Anthems of joy for him, of love to th' King,
Whom he so truly valu'd e'en to death,
That, *Pray for the King* shar'd of his latest breath.
And now methinks, I really discover
Our Martyr'd Sovereign in the Aire t' hover,
Attended on by that true Royall Train,
Which most unjustly in his warrs were slain,
To guard him nobly to his Civick Port,
Where none, but loyal Persons dare resort.
To Heaven, I mean, beyond the highest Sphere,
Millions of Angels bringing up the rear.

Epitaph.

Stop Passenger and take a view
Of what to loyalty is due,
Honour, respect, perpetual fame
Shall still attend this happy Name,
All which and more it is but just,
That we ascribe to *Clevelands* dust,
Whose uncontrouled Valour, Vertue, Grace,
Honor, and Loyalty, time shall ne're deface.

With Allowance. April 22. 1667.

Humbly offered to his happy memory, By one of his Late Majesties truly Loyall,
and really indigent Commission-Officers.

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